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# The Evening World First.

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her six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York EVER carried in regular editions in nine consecutive months such a volume of display advertising as the Evening World carried during the first nine months 1904.

IN THREE YEARS THE EVENING WORLD HAS MOVED TO THE FIRST PLACE.

### THE PATTERSON JURIES.

Taking into account the flasco of the first jury in the Man as Nan Patterson case, the disagreement and discharge of the second necessitates what will virtually be a third trial of the defendant. The failure of justice thus far serves to accentuate the contrast between the trial methods of this and the Di Pietro case. In the one what seems to have been perfect justice was secured in a three days' trial of a prisoner who had been only ten weeks under arrest. By Nixola Greeley-Smith lay, and particularly the use amounting to abuse of the privilege of juror-challenging, has resulted only in prolonging the six months' jail term already undergone by the accused.

The double disappointment in juries will bring up for new consideration various most questions regarding jury verdicts. Would it not further the interests of justice to provide that the incapacity or death of a juror should not make a new panel necessary? Twelve States now have statutes to this effect. Would it not improve matters to empower a majority of a jury to return a verdict? In fourteen States this change in the law has been made.

But particularly the trial raises a question as to the advantage for the defense of selecting jurors for special qualifications-as in the Guest-Lowther alienation suit, In which a jury of bachelors was insisted on, and in the Patterson case, where talesmen were subjected to an Nixola Greeley-Smith. Rock. analysis of personal traits and physical characteristics amounting to a phrenological examination.

Does this finical selection of a jury pay? It was not necessary in the Di Pietro case. Somehow a "model" but it mot with much favorable apjury of this kind is more prone to disagree than one of plause and laughter from the descendthe ordinary kind. The disagreements in 4,564 cases in ants of the enterprising balles of 1639. the higher courts of this judicial division showed less thank at than 11/2 per cent. In all but a few of these trials the the Pligrim Fathers thus frivolusty re jury was chosen by the regular process of natural se- ferred to, but one shudders to this

Christmas-Tree Fires. - Keep a watchful eye on your characterized the whole Christmas tree after it is lighted unless you have been Purlians as a mere detail. able to indulge in the luxury of tiny incandescent electric may congratulate herself that she is lights in place of candles. Every Christmas brings its list be trly 200 years removed from the posof fires from this source. In 1900 there were 15, in 1901 18, sibility of their vengeful ire. For otherwith a property loss of nearly \$9,000. A pitcher of water wise the fate of the Salem witches must should be handy to quench the incipient biaze which may inevitably

### FOR A DIVIDED WHEEL TRAFFIC.

From a mere restriction of traffic on Fifth avenue so craffy true? city highway question has broadened to a proposal to What are their massuling descendants Becure a free passenger thoroughfare from Central Park To be sure the "mere details" involve at least to the City Hall. A sensible coss truckman has allowed himself to be quoted in favor of such a separation of traffic. "It would be a queerly run railroad," he But the feminine mind has always been tion of trame. "It would be a queerly run railroad, he able to rise above the consideration of says very aptly, "that mixed up its freight and passenger such sordid trifles and to ask what they

At its full length the new scheme appears Utoplan, Yet if it should be put into effect New York would but be doing tardily what the great cities of Europe have done early as a matter of municipal course. Certainly a beginning might and should be made, with great public benefit, by fixing the Fifth avenue traffic restrictions as the considered otherwise other, and the considered otherwise other, and the considered otherwise other, and man, therefore, still another, but as one think that the idea plays of the case of t has been several times suggested.

Those are enomies to the people in general who, posing as friends to the truckmen in particular, have hither denounced and defeated the proposed restrictive world will the same thing to the same thing to the same thing to the same thing. So ordinance as "class" legislation-which it is not.

ordinance as "class" legislation—which it is not.

THE GLEN ISLAND DISCLOSURES.

Except for the December date line those who have followed the investigation into the burning of the Glen Island might fancy themselves back in the summer time. Island might fancy themselves back in the summer time bortly reading of the loss of the Gen. Slocum.

told tale of laxity of discipline and looseness of responsibility. A mate eight years in service without a license:

life-preservers removed after impostory and license:

| The ment to be haught their real place about the modern elevation of woman is sheer nonsense, and that they have in fact been "elevated" from its global. life-preservers removed after inspection; fire-buckets if it is any consolation to them, howenty or frozen and remote on the outer decks instead at ready at hand inside! Add to these disclosures that of a watch so inefficient that it has been impossible to learn where the fire started and the most learn where the most learn where the most learned and the most learned and the most le learn where the fire started, and the evidence assumes a category. painful likeness to that heard with horror a few months .

It is to be wished for the credit of human nature that this was an old and not a new chapter of neglect and indifference to safety precautions on an excursion-boat. Has the ghastly lesson of the East River horror not even availed to instill ordinary care and caution in the owners and masters of passenger-carrying river craft?

## THE PERFECT WOMAN.

According to Miss Catharine Joyce the perfect woman, mobly planned, should be 5 feet 8 inches tall, with a bust measure of 38; the span of her waist should be 25 inches and she should weigh 154 pounds. These are Miss Joyce's personal proportions, and the possession of them makes Acr, at twenty-two, a superior cloak model.

The Venus of Milo, who lived before corsets, had a 31-inch waist. In Just measure she was half an lach fuller than Miss Joyce and she was three-quarters of an inch faller. The conk model's veight is six pounds in excess of the insurance average for a woman of her seight. She is somewhat Amazonian by comparison with the "typical Chicago girl" of 5 feet 6, 34 bust, 22 waist and weighing 118 pounds who was chosen to represent at the St. Louis Fair. A Broadway "show girl" at 5 feet 6 in height and weighs 130 pounds.

a Joyce's physique in a girl of twenty-two hints at ke portliness at forty and a fight against m after years. The American girl's ideal, in golf and outdoor life, is a slenderer figure, one delant in curves than generous in rotundity, and lived for the display of her dresmaker's skill.











## a Mere Detail.

\$944**6**464444444444444444444444



business so that a slow train held up an express."

At its full length the new scheme appears Utopian.

Men are necessary, they always have

# HINTS TO GOLFFRS.

"Boney" on good, ferel real estat

"Teeing" as well as dining and brokefastine was offered World readers by 35 boarding house keepers last week. Boarders wanted every day.

"Fore" thousand and seventy-one ad-vertisements were printed tast Sunday in The World's 12-page Wast Director. "Foursome" reason or other 6.004
Melp Wants were
brinted in The World last week.
"Links" of evidence that The World

"Brassy" are many discharged wants will quickle fill their places with "ecupoteque."

is the most important fea-ture of want advertising not in The World win. "Putting"

"Clubs" flar, World win Las. secure
"Clubs" flar, World wint Las. secure
"Short Shots" are not unlike the
who try to secure Furnished Rooms.
House and Apartments, without
consulting The World's daily To
Let directory.
"Drive" bargains are those found
daily in The World's "Business Opportunities" columns. They
are the kind you can "drive" to

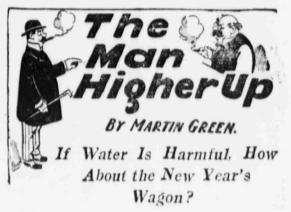
Pages of Want Ads. of Want Ads. Every Sunday. 2

# Mary Jane and Kickums Break Their Banks &

They Do It Literally and Their Good Intentions Go Astray as Christmas Glitter Fills Their Eyes







SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that several members of the County Medical Society agreed at a meeting held the other night that we drink too much water."

"It's getting to be fierce the way the doctors are butting in," complained the Man Higher Up. "Here I had all arrangements made to go on the water wagon New Year's and now I'm steered off. Far be it from me to deny that the doctor's know their business. We'll have to cut out high balls, too, because they call for a mixture of water, and take the sangaree juice straight with ginger ale on the side. That combination makes an awful mussy souse.

"The difficulty is that just about the time when we have got reputable doctors to stand for the proposition that water is bad medicine the chances are that some other M. D. will cut in with a steer that beer and booze ought to be sold with a skull-and-crossbones pasted on the glass. It takes a brave man to satisfy his thirst

"Pick up a newspaper and there is an ad staring you in the face informing you that coffee puts an ossification on the brain that a sandblast couldn't take off. Everybody knows that tea puts the nervous system into resemblance to a platter of spaghetti. Anything with alcohol for a base is under the kibosh of science, although I have known a doctor to make a long speech on the beauties of temperance and ten minutes later he would be ia a gin mill taking a slugger of booze that would call for a towel as a chaser. Soup seems to be the only liquid entry that hasn't been scratched by the health stewards Instead of going on the water wagon hereafter rummies with a reform bug will have to climb into the tureen." "Oh, I guess water never killed anybody," remarked

the Cigar Store Man. "It didn't?" asked the Man Higher Up. "Lock at all the people it has drowned."

### Torture and Luxury.

To eat pate de fois gras is luxury, but to prepare the delicacy for the table is prolonged torture-for the goose. Two months of torture for the goose are considered necessary before its liver it sufficiently diseased to be marketable. The fowls are fed to repletion with salted maize and by this means the liver is increased to the abnormal weight of two or even three pounds. Strasburg and Toulouse are the chief places of manufacture and the trade amounts to several hundred thousand dollars annually.

### The Albert Gate Mystery

### (Published by R. F. Fenno & Co. Copyright, 1904, by R. F. Fenno & Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Grasham Dieti, trever amastem determer, is empayed by Land Falmonne to trace the ciminals who murdered three Turkish envars and stole some of the Crown Jewels of Turkey, at a house in Albert Gate, London, Farholme is engaged to Edith Talbot, whose brother Jack was implicated in the ribbery and has disappeared. Eith refuses to marry Farholme until Jack is found, his himse brother Jack was implicated in the ribber and bas disappeared. Eith refuses to marry Farholme until Jack is found, his himse brother Jack was implicated in the ribber and the Jewels recovered. Heat foarns that Henri Dubois and Mile, Heaucaire, two clever French thieves, are entermed in the theft of the diamonds. Also that they are in lesgue with Ilusesin-ul-Maik, a relative and enemy of the Sultan's, the is in exile in Paris. Dubois and Mademiselle escape from Paris.

Talbot is discovered imprisoned in a London flat whither he was lured on the night of the midders. He tells Wrett that Dubois, discussed as a Turk, was his chief capior, and he vows revenge against Dubois are traced to Marseilles. There Edith Talbot catches sinh of Mademoiselle in the street and follows her.

She were Mademoisella and Dubois set. right of Mademoiselle in the street and fol-lous her. She sees Mademoisella and Dubois set will in a fasting smack from Marsellies. Gros John Brancaire (Mademoiselle's fath-ry comes to Marsellies with Husseln-ul-Mulk and the latter's two Turkish attend-eats.

## CHAPTER XII. The Turks Reappear.

FIER breakfast the party ad-A foursed to their sitting room, and there Brett detailed his immediate plan of action.

"The first point to determine is an important one," he said. "Which of you three-Sir Hubert Fitzjames, Taibot or Fairholme-looks most like a Frenchman 2"

"Because it is necessary that some one should keep a close eye on Gres Jean and the Turks. It comes to you, Talbot, and I regret to inform you that for the next few hours you must be content with the inferior cooking and accommodation of the Jolies Femmes Hotel. If you will come out with me now I will get you rigged up in a cheap French suit. That, and a supply of bad cigarettes, will provide a sufficient disguise for your purpose. Do

"Put what about the Turks?" said Talbot. "Perhaps two of these scoundrels may be the identical pair who accompanied Dubois to Albert Gate, It is possible that they may recognize me

"No," said Brett, decisively, "This is a different gang." Edith, her uncle and Fairholme spent the morning seeing the sights of the

Then they strolled back around the harbor, still pursuing the track of Edith's midnight wanderings, when Fairholme suddenly whistled with

"By Jove, look there!" he cried, pointing to one of the vessels at anchor, That's a piece of luck."

What is it?" queried Edith. "The very best thing that could have happened. There is Daubeney's yacht, the Blue-Bell. Daubeney is a first-rate chap, and a thorough sportsman. Suppose it becomes necessary for us to follow up Dubois and his fishing smack and we let Daubeney into the know. The Blue-tien would pursue the Belies Soeurs to China. He would ask no better fun. I teil you that Brett will be delignted when he hears of it."

Suddenly on the yacht's deck a rotund, jolly-tooking nain appeared.

"Why there he is," shouted the Earl. "Halloa, Daubeney."

The meeting on the guay was hearty

"Why there he is," should the Earl. "Halloa, Daubeney!"

The meeting on the quay was hearty in the extreme, and the Henorable James Daubeney ingrathed himself by saving: "Even if Lord Farholme had not told me who you were. Miss Talbot, I should have known you at once." "That would be very clever of you. "Purred Edith.

"Oh, no: there is nothing remarkable in the fact, I assure you. He always sat in his chambers so that he could look at your photograph, and as, in addition to that speaking likeness, I know the color of your hair, your eyes, your teeth, even, I could not be mistaken."

Miss Talbot thought Mr. Daubeney rather curious. But still he was very nice, and unquestionably the services of the Blue-Bell might be more than useful.

the use of the yacht being binted at.
She counted without Fairholme. The latter slapped his heavy friend on the Look here, old chap; are you fixed up

Leok here, old chap; are you fixed up for a cruise? Plenty of coal, champagne and all that sort of thing?"
"Leoded to the gunwales."
"That's all right, because we may want the Blue-Beil for a month or so."
"There she is," said Daubeney. "Fit to go anywhere and do anything."
Miss Taibot had never heard such extraordinary conduct in her life. She wondered how two women would have conducted the negotiations. The question was too abstruse, so she gave it up and contented herself instead with accepting Daubeney's hearty request that they should inspect the yacht.

The Blue-Beil was an extremely smart little ship of 250 tons register and an ordinary speed of twelve knots. Incidentally Miss Taibot discovered that the owner made the vessel his home. He was never happy away from her, and the Blue-Beil was known to every yachtsman from the Hebrides to the Golden Horn.

To eke out her coal supply she was fitted with sails, and Daubeney assured his fair visitor that the Blue-Beil could ride out a gale as comfortably and safely as any craft afloat. Anogetaer. Miss Taibot congratulated herself of Furnisher's discovery, and she could

safely as an craft affoat. Anogetac.

Miss Tainot congratulated herself of
Fulrholme's discovery, and she could
not help hoping that their strange errand to Marsellies might eventuate in a
Mediterranean chase.

When the tour of inspecting the yacht
had ended Daubeny suggested an excursion.

and ended Daubeny suggested an excursion,
"I understand you have never been to
Marselles before, Miss Taibot. In that
case what do you say if we run over
and see the Chuteau d'If—the place that
Dumas made famous, you know."
"Is it far?" said Edith.
"Oh, not very; about a mile across
the harbor, Manda Cristo warm that de-

"Is it far?" said Edith.

"Oh, not very, about a mile across
the harbor. Monte Cristo swam the distance, you know, after his escape."

"Shall we go in the yacht?"
Daubeney bubbled with laughter.

"Well, not exartly, Miss Taibot. You
cannot swing a ship of tails size about
so easily as all that you know. I have
another eraft alongside that will suit
our purpose."

He whistled to a thry steam launch which Edith had not noticed before, and without further ado the party seated themselves. They sped rapidly down the harbor and out through the narrow entrance between the light-

houses.

No sooner did Edith behold the splendid panorama of rocky coast that encloses the great outer bay, with its blue waters studded with delightful little islands, through which fishing boats and the standard their

# By Louis Tracey

coast, then she clapped her hands with schoolgirl delight. "I had no idea," she cried, "that Marseilles was half so beautiful. Why, Marseilles was half so beautiful. Why, it is a wonderful place. I have always read about it being hot and dirty. It certainly is untidy, but to wash its citizens would take away all the romanned. As for the climate being hot just imagine a day like this in the middle of November. Can you possibly think what the sensation would be if you were plunged into a London fog at this moment, Mr. Daubeney?"

"I have hardly ever seen one," he repiled. "I take mighty good care to be far removed from my beloved country during the fog season."

She sighed. "What it is to be a man and to be able to roam about the world unfettered."

"It all depends upon the meaning of the word unfettered," said Daubeney. "Have you got any sisters, Miss Talbot?"

They all laughed at this inconsequent

"Have you got any sisters, Miss Talbot?"
They all laughed at this inconsequent question. It was impossible to resist Daubeney's buoyant good nature, and Edich felt certain that in half an hour she would be calling him "Jimmy."
They sped across the traves toward the Chateau d If, and drew up alongside its small landing-stage.
The island supplies an all-the-year-round resort for the townspeople. Every fine day a steamer runs at intervals to and fro between it and the inner harbor. The good folk of the south of France, whather Marr-illais or visitors to the city, find a constant delight in taking the short marine excursion and wandering for half an hour about the rocky pathways and steep tervets of the famous prison, while they listen with silent awe to the words of fire guide when he tells them how the Abbe died and shows them the nole between the two wells excavated by Monte Cristo. So the English visitors found themselves in the midst of a mamber of laughing, light-hearted French sight-seers.

They wandered round with the crowd

lauching, light-hearted French sightseers.

They wandered round with the crowd
until Edith booked at her watch.

"It is past 12 o'clock," she said.

"Should he not be going back to the
hotel to lutch? You will come with us,
of course, Mr. Daubeney?"

"I am famished with expectation,"
answered the irrepressible Jimmy, "but
before we go away you certainly ought
to climb to the leads and get the panoramic view of the harbor which the
tower affords on a clear day. It is a
sight to be remembered, I promise you."

Bo they made the ascent, Daubeney
leading in his capacity of guide, though
he was quite breathless when they
reached the top of the steps.

Edith followed him, and to her slarm
scarred that

face. He tried to smile, and indicated by a gesture that he would recover in a minute. Meanwhile he was speechless. Fairholme was the next up. He had hardly set foot on the roof before he eventures.

exciaimed: "Well, I'm blessed!" "Well, I'm blessed!"
Edith turned round quickly,
"What on earth is the matter?" she
cried, "Mr. Daubeney only hurried a
little too fast, that is all."
Fairholme dropped his voice to a

"Look," he said, indicating with his eyes a distant corner.

Edith fellowed his glance, and instantly comprehended the cause of his startied exclamation. For in that quiet spot, far removed from watchful police or inquisitive hotel servants, stood four men, whom she could not fail to recognize as Gros Jean, Housseln-ui-Mulk, and the other two Turks, although, of course, until this moment she had never previously set eyes on them. She instantly understood that they must continue to talk and act in the guise of ordinary tourists. In this respect the presence of Daubetey was invaluable, for he naturally could not guest the community of interest between his aristocratic friends and the motley group in the corner.

As soon as he regained his breath Edith and he commenced a lively conversation. Sir Hubert joined thom, and in the course of their casual stroll round the tower they passed close to line Frenchman and his companions, attracting a casual glance from the former, who instantly set them down as English people bound for the East and whilling away a few hours in Marseilles prior to the departure of their steamer.

But another surprise awaited them.

A small staircase led to the top of the turret, which as already described, formed part of the angle that sheltered the group of men.

When Edith and the others strolled whisper. "Look," he said, indicating with his

the turret, which as already described, formed part of the angle that sheltered the group of men.

When Edith and the others strolled past the door they glanced inside and caught sight of a shapby-looking Frenchman who had paused trait-way up the stairs and was leaning eagerly forward through an embrazured loop-lole, coviously latent on hearing every word uttered by the quartet beneath. Fortunately Edith, who was nearest to the door, was completely shrouded from Gros Jean's observation. Else that astute gantleman might have noticed her involuntary start of surprise. For the shabby-looking Frenchman was her brother.

The instant Taibot heard footsteps he naturally turned to see who it was that approached, and he also was amazed to find Edith's wondering eyes fixed upos him at a distance of only a few feet.